CLOACINA TRIUMPHANT;

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CONSISTING OF THE

FOLLOWING POEMS:

VIZ.

BETT's WEDDING;
ANTICIPATION;
FROWZILINDA;
IL FAMOSO DOTTORE RODOMONDATO;
HASTY PUDDING;
TOM TOSS-POT;
THE MISTAKE;
&c. &c.
&c.

Moſt reſpectfully Dedicated, with the Author's Permiſſion, to MESDAMES and MESSIEURS the EDITORS of the CRITICAL REVIEW.

O CLOACINE! thou Goddeſs heav'nly bright;
Pregnant with eaſe, profuſe of ſoft delight!
Without thine aid divine mankind were curſt;
All human kind, without,—muſt ſtarve or burſt.

ADDISON.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BEW, No. 28, PATER-NOSTER-ROW;

M,DCC,LXXXII.

CLOACINA TRIUMPHANT;

CONSISTING OF THE

FOLLOWING POEMS:

VIZ.

BETTY'S WEDDING;

ANTICIPATION;

FROWZILINDA;

THE FAMOUS BUTTON'S POLONOISE;

HASTY PUDDING;

TOM TOSS-POT;

THE MISTAKE;

&c. &c.

&c.

Most respectfully Dedicated, with the Author's Permission, to Messrs. and Messieurs the Editors of the CRITICAL REVIEW.

O CLOACINA! thou Goddess heav'nly bright!
Prepare with care, profuse or for delight!
Without thine aid divine man'kind were cull'd;
All human kind, without,—much starve or bull.

ADDISON.

Printed for J. Bew, [illegible]-Noster-Row;

TO

MESDAMES and MESSIEURS,

The EDITORS of the CRITICAL REVIEW;

GENTLEWOMEN, and GENTLEMEN,

THE great concern I have long felt, to behold a number of ancient, learned, and venerable perſonages, labouring under the influence of a dreadful infirmity, hitherto found inſuperable, has, at laſt, determined me to take your caſe into my moſt ſerious conſideration; and, in the following pages, will be found a catalogue of ſelect and ſalutary drugs, or dregs, (the word is pronounced each way,) by the proper mixture and application of which, a radical and expeditious cure may, in my opinion, very eaſily be effectuated. But, if the event ſhould, unfortunately, turn out otherwiſe, from an experiment formerly made with one of the moſt ſimple thereof, upon a poor, party-coloured patient, afflicted with a diſeaſe exactly ſimilar to your own, by that good man, and eminent phyſician, Dr. ALEXANDER BENDO, who practiſed with ſo much reputation to himſelf, and advantage to ſociety, in the reign of our late auguſt and pious ſovereign, Charles the Second; I am clearly convinced, that very conſiderable temporary relief muſt reſult from the trial; and that my

medicine

medicine will be found, to the full, as beneficial, much leſs expenſive, and infinitely more palatable, than moſt of thoſe ſold, at ſuch an enormous expence, throughout all parts of his Majeſty's dominions, in chip boxes, gallipots, phials, bladders, quart bottles, and white papers, under the various denominations of—Apozem, alterative, anodyne—Bolus, bark, blifter, balſamick,—Cathartic, cordial, —Draught, diuretic, dilutient, decoction,—Electuary, emetic, embrocation, emollient, emulſion,—Febrifuge, fomentation, fumigation,—Gargle, glyſter, græcum-album,—and ſo on to the end of the alphabet,—by certain officious, civil, loquacious gentry, in brown coats, black ſtockings, white wigs, large hats, and ſmall ſhoe-buckles; commonly called or known by the name of Apothecaries, and employed, at the joint expence of the pariſh-prieſts, clerks, ſextons, grave-diggers, and undertakers, for that purpoſe.

I am, &c.

THE AUTHOR.

CLOACINA TRIUMPHANT:

BETT's WEDDING.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

No more with Jezebel of York
Let bards make such a rout;
Or carol, when she lost her cork,
How something else flew out:
I sing a dame worth ten of this;
What's She to Bett?—What's st-rd to p-ss?

Whilst walking on the verdant plain,
Where stands old Fairfield's mill,
When Nan, the toast of each fond swain,
First shew'd thy falling rill;
I knew not then, and know not yet,
Which stream ran fastest,—mill's, or Bett.

Poor Niobe, depriv'd of bliſs,
Diſſolv'd away in tears;
If BETT ſhould do the ſame in p-ſs,
BETT's fame will equal hers.
Sweet purling rivulet! if ſo,
The p-ſs-bed on thy banks will grow.

When Moſes ſtruck the barren rock,
Forthwith the waters burſt,
Obedient to the Prophet's knock,
To quench the Choſen's thirſt:—
Had BETT's perpetual fount been there,
The Tribes had drank without his care.

But, had the Iſraelites found fault;
Been obſtinate, and raſh;
Declar'd their beverage too ſalt,
And mutinied for freſh;
To make it ſo, I muſt confeſs,
The miracle had not been leſs.

The ſlimy Nile glads all things round,
By often overflowing:
Bett's ſtream as oft o'erſpreads the ground;
All ſmile to ſee it going.
Both currents run with equal force;
No man hath found out either ſource.

Mount Ætna, from its gaping crater,
Whilſt fire burns fierce within it,
Oft deluges the plains with water,
As thoſe know beſt who've ſeen it:
I ſometimes think that little Bett,
When hotteſt, is moſt apt to wet.

Queen Piddiquimqua,—gallant ſoul!
In token of her grace,
Firſt water'd in the Captain's bowl,
Then ſous'd it in his face *:
I own it would not much ſurpriſe,
Should Bett p-ſs out her Captain's eyes.

Aſtride

* Prior.

Aſtride the briny waves at Rhode
An huge Coloſſus ſtood,
Betwixt whoſe legs, as erſt it ſtrode,
A man of war might ſcud.
But why fetch wonders from afar?
Bett's Captain is a man of war.

The Buxton baths, renown'd by fame,
Of Derbyſhire the boaſt,
Are open to the ſick and lame,
Who pleaſe their purſe-proud hoſt:
Bett's lukewarm fountain's ſilver locks
Will open when a fav'rite knocks.

Where pious, good St. Winifred,
As Popiſh legends tell,
By ſome miſchance let fall her head,
Up ſprung a ſpacious well:
Should good Eliza drop her bum,
I fear a ſecond flood would come.

In

In Sol's magnific room of ſtate,
Well carv'd in mimick waters,
With azure hide, and ſea-green pate,
Sports Doris with her daughters:
But Vulcan never could, like thee,
Create a real, liquid ſea.

Immortal Maid of Eſh—m's Vale,
Down Time's progreſſive tide,
Whilſt waters guſh from fount or tail,
Thy name ſhall ſmoothly glide:
Thy proweſs in the farmer's field
Shall everlaſting honours yield.

Boaſt not, Verſailles, thy tortur'd ſtream,
Thy turbid founts that riſe,
And reach (proud Gallia's fav'rite theme)
From marble bed the ſkies:
Thy vaſt, enormous wheel, and pump,
Stand ſecond to this little rump.

O Bett! thy ſeats as much excel
Old Yorkſhire's ſquitter-ſquatter,
As that exceeds in taſte and ſmell
Thine ever-falling water.
Soon may they both unite and ſhed
Their comforts o'er thy bridal bed;

Whilſt, like two ducklings ſide by ſide,
In onions nicely ſmother'd,
The bridegroom, eke his lovely bride,
From head to heels lie cover'd.
Extatic ſcene! What tongue can tell,
What pen deſcribe, their joys or ſmell?

I ſee the Cupids fly about,
And pinch their little noſes;
And hear them, one and all, cry out
For frankincenſe and roſes:
His napthal torch poor Hymen ſhakes,
And ſnuffles up the ſmoak it makes.

A cer-

Live, love, and wallow, happy pair!
Gay CLOACINA cries;
Live, love, and wallow, happy pair!
Re-echoes thro' the skies.
Such the blessings which I give;
Wallow, ducklings, love and live!

ANTICIPATION.

A Certain Squire, no matter who,—
Squire John o'Styles or Noaks will do,—
By ſome miſchance has ſcratch'd his ſhin,
Or prick'd his finger with a pin.
Suppoſe a particle of ſteel
Is found adhering to his heel:
Away, like wind, the boy muſt go,
To fetch the famous Dr. Doe *;
The Doctor comes, with ſolemn face,
Adapted to the dreadful caſe;
With niceſt touch explores the wound;
Examines if the bones are ſound;

* The Doctor, being a man of uncommon abilities, united in his own perſon the three pharmaceutical profeſſions of Phyſician, Chirurgeon, and Apothecary.

Dilates

Dilates his eye-lids, drops his chin,
To ſhew the great alarm he's in;
Then ſhakes his head, and ſeems to ſay---
But little hopes!—You know their way.
The patient, now, retires to bed,
But firſt is vomited, and bled:
The Doctor wiſhes he may reſt,
And kindly bids him hope the beſt;
Declares, if nothing new comes on,
No hæmorrhage, or carious bone,
Bad fever, fungous incarnation,
Or perioſteal inflammation,
In four and twenty days, or leſs,
A ſuppuration muſt take place,
The lacerated muſcles heal,
His ſtrength return, and all do well:
Preſcribes the cooling draught at ten;
The ſame, with pills, at twelve again;
The purge at two; if that ſhould gripe,
At four, or thereabouts,—the pipe;

The cordial drops would have him take
At ſix, or ſooner if awake;
The febrifuge 'twixt eight and nine;
Will feel his pulſe at noon, and dine:
Then takes his leave, and makes a bow;
Goes down, and thus holds forth below:
"I own 'tis hard ſo ſoon to tell,
But greatly doubt his doing well.
That ſteel has made damn'd work, indeed;
By G-d, the foot ſeems fairly ſtead,---
And, here and there, looks black, like ſoot,
As if the pedal nerves were cut;
If ſo, tis fifty pounds to five,
He never leaves the room alive.
Zounds! ſhould a gangrene ſeize the part,
The cure would poſe friend Satan's art;
Do what I will, 'tis ſure to ſpread,
And ſoon muſt reach from heel to head:
Then all may tell, as well as I,
The ſad event—Squire Noaks muſt die.

For tho', ſometimes, a wretch that begs
Purſues his trade ſans arms and legs;
Eats, ſwears, gets tipſy, crawls about,
And many other things, without;
Yet, when the reſt is likewiſe gone,
The mendicant's career is done.
Therefore, I think, 'tis beſt at once
To cut his throat, or cleave his ſconce;
Since each phyſician, if he wiſe is,
Knows each diſeaſe muſt have a criſis;
The ſooner we can that obtain,
The ſooner ends our patient's pain.
Some gentlemen, to ſwell their bill,
The corpſe, and coffin too, would fill;
Nay do, perhaps, things ten times worſe!
Old Bladderbreech oft crams the hearſe;
And once, by G-d, (confound the man)
To ſtuff the vault itſelf began.
But me---ſo ſedulouſly bent,
To ſerve, and give my friends content---

The ſmalleſt gains, with common fees
From heirs and undertakers, pleaſe:
I ſcorn each mean—each ſelfiſh trick;
My drugs drench nothing but the ſick;
And gratis, if requir'd, will come
To wait upon his Honour home."